THE
NATION

OCTOBER 4, 1958 . . 25c

Quemoy Brink:

WHERE ARE THE DEMOCRATS?

Harry Barnard

U.S. at the U.N.:

THE BURDEN OF FRIENDSHIP

Urban Whitaker

Who's On First?

THE GREAT AMERICAN RITUAL

Edward L. Rousseau

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LETTERS

A War Is a War

Dear Sirs: I am afraid that Senator Morse ["How Dulles Tricked Congress," *The Nation,* September 20] has unequivocally placed himself among those who strain at gnats while swallowing camels. He is alarmed at the possibility that the United States Government may take us to war over Quemoy and Matsu — as well he might be. However, he himself is ready to go to war over Formosa and the Pescadores. Suppose a plebiscite were held asking the question: Should the United States go to war with China, and quite possibly Russia, in order to hold Formosa and the Pescadores as military bases? Does Senator Morse believe that even a bare majority of Americans would willingly back such a policy?

The current position Mr. Dulles takes in re Quemoy and Matsu is a logical extension of our Government's basic Far East policy.

Our Government's Far East policy is based on: perpetual hostility to the Communist-dominated Government of China; a commitment to try to get rid of this government and to establish one which will be "friendly" to U.S. foreign-policy aims. With such a policy, war is virtually inevitable.

There has never been a time when we were so desperately in need of courageous leadership, but if Senator Morse aspires to give it, he will have to dig deeper. Of course, holding on to, and building up military forces on, Quemoy and Matsu make it easier to create an incident to use as a pretext for war. But if this outcome really startles Senator Morse it must be because he neglects to read our press — and our State Department's official statements — for along with all the nonsense about "defending freedom" can be found extremely "realistic" statements of our Government's basic purpose.

A war is a war is a war. And whether the pretext is Quemoy or Formosa, the policy is still the destruction of an assumed "unfriendly" Communist-dominated Government in China. Our State Department, and Mr. Dulles, have repeatedly explained this policy in unequivocal terms. They would no doubt be glad if the Peking Government would merely dissolve without our military "being forced to" vaporize them. But, as our military leaders incessantly say for publication, "we are ready to use force if necessary." Our Government's policy toward Quemoy and Matsu is obviously designed to make the use of force "necessary." Senator Morse deserves credit for denouncing it. If, however, he wants to protect the interests of Americans, he will have to get down to the basic issues.

HELEN MEARS

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his able article, Senator Wayne Morse rightly blames the people and Congress for allowing the brinkmaker to lead us from disaster to disaster. Equally as culpable, even more so since it has the responsibility to lead the people into the light, is the Republican press. No matter how bumbling and catastrophic the policies and actions of Dulles and Eisenhower — as in Quemoy and Matsu — the GOP newspapers applaud and seem determined to back them to the death. And maybe that's just how it will be.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: If Senator Morse's comments were based more on moral and less on geographic grounds, his article would be deserving of more praise. As a well-known TV commentator said at the time of the Lebanon crisis: "In time of trouble, we all write in one cause." As long as this "political togetherness" exists, neither Congress nor anyone else will speak for the people. Dissent is as possible in America as a pacifist Senator.

THOMAS GRABELL

Brooklyn, N. Y.

[*To the implications of the last sentence of Mr. Grabell's letter, the repeatedly dissenting* Nation *begs to dissent.—Ed.*]

Blunders and Apathy

Dear Sirs: One cannot decide whether to be more alarmed at the widespread apathetic attitude toward the vital questions of our foreign policy or at the Administration's inept handling of repeated world crises. The present Formosan situation is a case in point. Is the U. S. going to risk an open war to support the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu to which the Taiwan Government's claim is at best indecisive? Will the American people submit to seeing bungling leadership commit them to complete support of the Chiang Government when that Government could hardly win a fair plebiscite among the Taiwanese (as was indicated in an August 24 dispatch to *The New York Times*)?

How long does it take for Washington to recognize that Red China is here to stay and that she could be better dealt with in the U. N. where pressures might be applied on her to behave in a civilized manner? Surely an attempt could be made to neutralize Formosa under international auspices and to leave Quemoy and Matsu to Red China, as has been suggested. Before matters drift further, it is to be hoped that the American people will cease to accept a bankrupt Far East policy with the inert air of cattle in deep pasture.

ANN HUBBELL

Ypsilanti, Mich.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Great Reconnaissance

One of the aims of aggressive diplomacy is to divine the limits of an opponent's tolerance. The technique is well established and the advent of nuclear weapons has not significantly altered it. The process remains one of probing, by propaganda, threats, ostentatious preparation for war, and actual military operations. Once the theoretical line has been established, by pressing up to but not beyond it, an advantage may be gained at minimal cost. A closely similar procedure is used to test the trustworthiness of an ally. The Quemoy islands are today the focus of complex reconnoiters of this type by Communist China, the United States and its satellite, Nationalist China, and the Soviet Union.

In this contest the roles of the United States and the Soviet Union are relatively passive, each having allowed the initiative to slip, at least temporarily, into the hands of its ally. The motives of the two superpowers are correspondingly confused, and in the case of the United States there is increasingly open dissension in official circles. In contrast, the Chinese Nationalists' purpose is clear and obvious. It is now or never for Chiang and it will be never unless he can drag the United States into a full-scale war. The dispatches from Formosa, the roars of George Yeh, Chiang's belligerent envoy in Washington, and the continued presence of Madame Chiang in the United States so testify. The logical test would be an attempt to knock out the Red batteries encircling Quemoy by air bombardment. According to the latest advices, even Mr. Dulles opposes this. Chiang may make one foray, perhaps more than one, but with the means at his disposal he is not likely to silence enough of the three hundred or more guns involved to relieve the siege. Once he has unleashed himself, Chiang is likely to enjoy less enthusiastic U. S. support.

By continuing the shelling, the Chinese Reds, for their part, are probing in three interrelated sectors. The first is the worth of the Soviet commitment to their cause, and to this question they are not likely to get a definitive answer soon. Verbally, Khrushchev will give them unstinting support, but he is not prepared to get into an all-out war over Quemoy any more than Dulles is. The second bit of information the Chinese Reds would like to secure is where American resistance will stiffen, come what may. Their answer is probably that the United States will avoid moving against the mainland, but the rapid build-up of American force in the area leaves no doubt that Formosa itself would be resolutely defended — even if the Reds were in a position to attack it, which they are not. Third, what is the strength of the bond between the Nationalists and the United States? By all indications these relations, always difficult, will tend to worsen as the tensions and frustrations increase. In this sector the Communists are not merely probing; they are also actively engaged in putting a maximum strain on the alliance. As another valuable by-product, they are causing the United States to lose ground in its long-continued effort to keep them out of the United Nations. The latest American "victory" in the General Assembly — 44-28, with 9 abstentions and 20 of the 44 votes in favor of the American position coming from Latin-American countries — shows this.

The reconnoiterers may discover one thing or another, to their advantage or disadvantage, but they should not discount another possibility. All are pursuing their aims under the protective umbrella of the assumption that no major war will ensue. True, three of the contenders don't want a major war and the fourth, who does, is the weakest. Yet unforeseen circumstances and events may favor Chiang. Then it would appear, but too late, that the game was never worth the stakes.

Great Liberal in the Making

It is a safe guess that the well-known Presidential hopeful, Richard M. Nixon, will have as little compunction about running as a dyed-in-the-wool liberal as he once had in labeling Helen Gahagan Douglas as the equivalent of a Communist. Votes are where you find them, and Mr. Nixon is nothing if not versatile.

Several indications of future Nixonian strategy may already be discerned. Attorney General Rogers, who is a kind of alter ego of the new Nixon, has been quite admirable in his speeches on the Constitution, the Supreme Court, Negro rights, etc. Mr. Nixon himself, writing to the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, not only expressed his distress at the attack on the Montgomery Negro leader by a deranged woman, but referred to

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the "cause of equality and human dignity to which we are dedicated." The wording will not endear the writer to the Dixiecrats, but most of the Dixiecrats are going to vote Democratic anyway.

Today as yesterday, the power of the Dixiecrats stems from the chairmanships and key committee assignments which the seniority system confers upon Southerners when the Democrats control Congress. If the Dixiecrats bolted the Democratic Party, they would forfeit the last main prop of their power. The governors of the Southern states, who assembled last week in Lexington, made it clear that they are not going to bolt. And as long as Governor Faubus and his colleagues stay in the Democratic Party, Mr. Nixon's Republican liberalism on civil rights will shine by contrast; for no matter how liberal the Democratic nominee may be in 1960, the taint of Faubus will attach to his party. Knowing all this, Mr. Nixon has set a course for 1960 that is calculated to cause the Democrats no end of trouble.

Interview

Last week a *Nation* correspondent attended a press conference on the West Coast held by the branch plant of a famous Eastern Seaboard company which manufactures instruments vital to rocket and missile production. His report follows:

> About 75 per cent of this company's business is on defense contracts, and the president explained cheerfully that he did not expect any cuts in defense. After a while, all the other reporters, having asked their questions, left the room. This reporter remained with the president and a platoon of other brisk executives.
>
> "You've got a big future in rockets and missiles," I said.
>
> "Tremendous," the president agreed.
>
> "But isn't at least part of your business contingent upon political considerations?" I ventured.
>
> "Politics doesn't bother us," he countered.
>
> "I mean big politics — between nations. . . ."
>
> "International affairs?"
>
> I nodded.
>
> "Well, of course, our business would mushroom in an international crisis."
>
> "Like what?" I asked.
>
> "War," he replied simply.
>
> "What would happen to your business in a war between the United States and Russia?" I inquired.
>
> "As I said," he declared, "business would mushroom."
>
> I took a deep breath. "For how many hours?"
>
> The president frowned unpleasantly. Two executives loudly shuffled papers. I arose, thanked them kindly, and sauntered out.

How to Get Out the Vote

California, the fun-loving state, has invented a new device for imparting a Mardi Gras flavor to election day. Some citizens of Sacramento, recalling the old game of guessing how many beans are heaped in the drugstore window, are offering attractive prizes to the lucky or astute voters who come closest to predicting the number of votes by which Proposition 18 (a "Right to Work" measure) is defeated in the November elections. First prize is $5,000; runner-up prizes range down through a variety of glamorous vacation trips to objects, mostly electronic, that are universally coveted. The only prize we question is the sixth — a mink stole: it is generally unwise to associate political activities with conspicuously luxurious wearing apparel.

From the wording of the contest rules, it is obvious that the sponsoring committee disapproves of Proposition 18 (so do we), but there is no reason why the idea should not be spread on a national and non-partisan basis. If the issues themselves will not bring out the voters (and year by year our Tweedle Dee Campaigns suffer increasing popular inertia), perhaps the marriage of the franchise with bingo is a union close enough to bread and circuses to have pleased the later Caesars.

Degenesis

"And the Lord said unto Adam(s), 'Behold thou hast eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat. Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it. Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'"

Therefore the Lord sent Adam(s) forth from the Garden of Eden.—*Genesis III; 17, 19, 23.*

Senatorial Indictments

The New York *Herald Tribune* captions an editorial in praise of "the hard, cutting, devastating words Sen. John L. McClelland spoke on Jimmy Hoffa," as "The Indictment Against Hoffa." The title is apt. For this is precisely what the Senate Rackets Committee has done. It has indicted Hoffa — as it indicted Harold Gibbons — on the score of behavior it regards as vile and weaknesses of character it detests. It has then proceeded, as grand jury, prosecuting agency, judge and jury, to convict both men. Hoffa and Gibbons may be the vilest creatures in the land, but neither their behavior nor their character can be a legitimate concern of a Congressional committee except insofar as either relates to possible legislative action. And, on this score, the action of the committee should take the form of legislative proposals rather than the issuance of bills of attainder against named individuals.

In an excellent recent lecture at the School of Law, Northwestern University, Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., bluntly charged that even in this post-McCarthy era some Congressional committees continue to conduct hearings in the form of criminal prosecutions. As Mr. Rauh points out, this is shown first of all by the procedure, which frequently opens with the presentation of the "prosecu-

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tion" case based on the testimony of "friendly" witnesses who are permitted to ramble on and on without cross-examination. This is followed by the "defense" case, which consists of calling "unfriendly" witnesses, who are vigorously cross-examined by committee counsel while defense counsel is told to keep still.

Not only do the committees frequently function as investigator, prosecutor, judge and jury, but they pronounce public sentence which seldom fails to result in punishment of one kind or another. They even, on occasion, issue "clearances." All of this is done with only slight observance of due-process requirements and, of course, no statutes of limitation ever run against the "charges." The indictment of Hoffa is defended by the Washington *Post* on the score that "every center of power in a free society must be reasonably clean to be tolerable." But Congressional committees are themselves centers of power; they have no more warrant to function in wild disregard of Constitutional limitations than Hoffa has to encroach on the rights of individual members of the union he heads. If a Congressional committee can determine who shall head a trade union, or, more precisely, who shall not head it, then committees can, in the guise of purifying centers of power, exercise a veto on the presidency of General Motors. The public denunciation of individuals by Congressional committees must cease. The Constitution does not authorize Congressional committees to function as criminal courts, nor does it charge them with the task of removing as "cancers" the elected officials of trade unions.

QUEMOY BRINK

WHERE ARE THE DEMOCRATS? . . . *by Harry Barnard*

I DO NOT believe that the American people approve our getting into a war with Communist China short of the clearest provocation against our clearest national interest, and certainly not over the offshore islands. The sanest voices of the land have been raised against such a disaster. Even newspaper editorialists and other opinion-makers who have defended the Eisenhower-Dulles rigidity with respect to China, do so mainly with the argument that it will prevent war, not make it inevitable.

True, rattling loosely in the shoes of the much-lamented Thomas L. Stokes, there is that new syndicated columnist, William S. White, who knocked off a paean to Dulles on the gruesome theme that now, at last, we have a foreign policy of which red-blooded Americans can be proud — and, if it leads to war, well that's just bravely facing "the bright face of danger." But I am certain that the idea behind Bill White's "bright face of danger"— an incredible euphemism for a possible nuclear holocaust which not even Admiral Strauss or Edward Teller ever attempted — has not been bought by anyone outside the lunatic fringe that all along has wanted a war in behalf of Chiang Kai-shek. Fortunately, that fringe, for all its noisy activity, is very small.

In his address to the nation in which he affirmed that we would oppose seizure by Communist China of the offshore islands, President Eisenhower himself went out of his way to say, "I believe there is not going to be any war." He also went out of his way to express fervently the hope that if the Warsaw talks "do not fully succeed there is still hope that the United Nations could exert a peaceful influence on the situation."

Obviously, these Presidential statements were made out of justified recognition that the people of the United States do not at all share the warlike mood of either Secretary Dulles or columnist White. (Mr. White, by the way, a couple of columns later backed down sufficiently to admit that lots of people did not share his elation over that "bright face of danger.")

Yet, the drift toward a war with China, and possibly Russia too, seems all too ominously unmistakable as this is written. Maybe we, as well as the People's Republic, have been only bluffing. Maybe the over-tough talk and over-tough gestures on both sides are merely substitutes for the real thing. But nobody can be sure of this, especially when so much confusion, planned — apparently as part of Mr. Dulles' game of "brinkmanship"— as well as unintentional, has marked the handling and manipulation of this crisis by the White House and the State Department. Nor can any sense of sureness that war will be avoided come from the appalling recognition that our latest moves in "brinkmanship" have come pretty close to depriving our country even of the ability to decide if there is going to be a war or not — the decision, in reality, having been placed by us in the hands of Chiang.

This is really the nub of the folly into which the Administration has brought the country — that the desperate, fictional "Republic of China" on Formosa has been permitted all along, it turns out, to determine as a practical matter whether or not the United States goes to war with the most heavily populated nation in the world.

When it is considered that getting us into a war with Communist

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China is the sum and substance of the foreign policy of the "Republic of China," and that such a war is the sole basis of the hopeless Chiang dream of returning to the mainland, it is clear what Chiang's decision *for us* will be if he is permitted to cash the blank check he seems to think we have given to him irrevocably.

BUT IS that blank check irrevocable? I think not. Despite the alarmingly rigid self-righteousness of Mr. Dulles and the equally alarming way in which the President appears now, more than ever, to have yielded policy-making to him, the Administration has shown that it can be swayed by public opinion. Back in 1954, it will be remembered, Mr. Dulles, abetted by Vice President Nixon, was all set to get this country into the Indo-China warfare. That folly also would have brought on a war with Communist China. But public opinion was effectively mobilized. Even the late Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune,* always friendly to Nixon, called Nixon a "gibbering idiot" for having suggested that we should send American troops to Indo-China — for the same reasons now given for risking war with China over Quemoy and Matsu.

The China Lobby lunatic fringe was all for the Indo-China intervention, hoping it would lead to outbreak of real war between us and the Chinese Communists, thus "saving" Asia — and Chiang — if it were won. This did not happen because public opposition forced Dulles and Nixon to back down.

That Mr. Dulles' "brinkmanship" can be held in check also was illustrated in the Lebanon crisis. True, we did send the Marines there — so quickly that they were on their way before the public could react. But the alacrity with which we recognized the Iraqi revolutionaries and also welcomed United Nations intervention reflected Administration sensitivity to the massive popular criticism of its Near Eastern recklessness.

The new crisis with Communist China is a far more serious matter. Though the possibilities of more devastating disaster are infinitely greater, Mr. Dulles has taken us, along with President Eisenhower, even farther out on the limb. The emotional factors are more serious in this crisis, too. For now we are face to face not only with the Chinese Communists, but the Soviet Union also — the "enemy," as the public has been told so often and so hysterically. So if public opinion once again is to check the Administration and force a settlement by political rather than military means, it will have to find a stronger voice than before. Public opinion will have to be mobilized so effectively that it cannot possibly be ignored — not even by the impervious Mr. Dulles, or by a President who seems now more insulated from the people than at any previous time since he assumed office.

WHO WILL DO this supremely important job?

A number of newspapers, and not merely the acknowledged liberal ones, have been trying valiantly to mobilize the opinion that might keep us from going over the brink — for example, the influential Knight newspapers in Chicago, Detroit, Akron, Miami and Charlotte, N.C.; and also the Cowles newspapers, among others. Even *The New York Times,* so often in there pushing for State Department "firmness," has been noticeably reiterating the hope that this crisis will be taken to the United Nations, even though it simultaneously insists that we ought not tolerate the use of force by the Chinese Communists with respect to the offshore islands. Moreover, both Arthur Krock and James Reston, whose respective columns often are in opposition, have been calling in unison for a political settlement — "extrication with honor," to use Mr. Krock's phrase. Walter Lippmann has been among the strong voices for sanity. Among metropolitan dailies, the New York *Post* has taken the most vigorous editorial position.

But this task calls for more than expressions of editorial or columnar opinion. Just as the solution of the crisis demands a political settlement, it is political action that is needed to produce the required effective pressure from the public. This political action should come from the Democratic Party.

What is needed, right now, is a forthright official Democratic Party policy statement that expresses vigorous dissent from the Eisenhower-Dulles program with respect to the Formosa Straits crisis and also with respect to the whole Chinese question. This is a minimum requirement. Such a policy statement must then be supported by Democratic candidates for the Senate and the House in every district of the land in the political campaign now going on.

Senator Green of Rhode Island, the Democratic chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has already gone further than this in a sense. His reaction to President Eisenhower's "no appeasement" talk to the nation was that, if the President believed there was danger of war with Communist China, he should summon Congress into special session. If that suggestion were to be followed, the issue then could be debated in Congress. Standing together, the Democrats could, of course, right there and then force a new approach.

Probably Senator Green's suggestion won't be taken up. Unfortunately, if the President should summon Congress, it probably would be for a request for a declaration of war on the basis of a *fait accompli* — when it's too late for calm statesmanship to prevail.

BUT ACTION now by the Democratic Party is a realistic and feasible alternative. The result of a Democratic Party stand for peaceful settlement of the China crisis would be so electrifying, I am convinced, and so potent for mobilizing public opinion against the Eisenhower-Dulles combination, that the Republican Party leadership in turn would insist on a new Administration course out of political self-defense. Many prominent Republicans — Bruce Barton for instance — are for that now.

As individuals, some of the most representative reflectors of Democratic thinking already, in effect, have presented the country with the basis of a Democratic position along

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this line. Senator Wayne Morse, in his powerful indictment of the Administration's policy in *The Nation* ("How Dulles Tricked Congress," September 20); former Senator Herbert Lehman in a letter in *The New York Times* (September 23: "Not a single American life, not to speak of the peace of the world, should be sacrificed for the defense of Quemoy and Matsu"); former Air Secretary Thomas K. Finletter, often mentioned as a Democratic Secretary of State, in another letter in the *Times* (September 8: "The truth is that the defense of these islands is necessary only for the defense of an untenable United States diplomatic position brought about by concessions to a small, vociferous minority in this country. . . . We should instead turn over the entire problem . . . to the United Nations for decision"); Senator John F. Kennedy in an address at a Democratic rally in San Francisco on September 13 (". . . the weight of military, diplomatic, political and historical judgment would dictate a contrary policy"); George F. Kennan, former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, who has criticized our "excessive commitment" to Chiang's "fortunes"; Senator Hubert Humphrey in a West Coast speech (September 5: "We should ask the U.N. to call for an immediate cease-fire in the Formosa area"); and in varying degrees, Senator Joseph S. Clark, Adlai Stevenson and Governor Harriman have taken much the same position — these, among others have laid down what should be the proper Democratic line.

BEFORE THIS Quemoy-Matsu crisis came to the surface, Senator Fulbright of Arkansas rose in the Senate on August 6 to deliver strong criticism of Administration China policy, among other phases of foreign policy. "We cannot forever ignore 600 million people on the mainland of China, but what are we doing to make it possible to deal with them on the best terms possible?" he asked. The Fulbright address suggests that, in this instance at least, Southern Democrats will be found in harmony with Northern counterparts.

The fact that Governor Meyner of New Jersey, usually so careful not to become involved in anything controversial, found it possible to appear somewhat critical of Administration policy on China in a TV appearance on September 7, is to me impressive evidence as to how strong is popular dissent.

True, there are some Democratic Party leaders, North as well as South, who may be expected to go along with the Dulles policy. Senator Douglas of Illinois, usually so sound on many domestic issues, such as race relations, probably is so entangled with the so-called "Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations," that unfortunately he may have to be counted among these. But even he has shown in recent times a receptivity to public opinion on this issue that has not characterized him earlier.

THEN, too, there is Harry Truman. He, or whoever has been writing his syndicated stuff for the North American Newspaper Alliance, has been giving aid and comfort to Dulles — has even been cheering him on. I get the feeling that what is really in Mr. Truman's mind, whether he knows it or not, is a compulsive kind of need to defend his own Korean policy. And this is sad from the standpoint of present national interest. Unfortunately, lots of "the boys" in the Democratic ranks still listen to the former President as if he were still a factor in contemporary politics, rather than more properly a subject for history.

"There's Something Wrong With This Quiz Show, Too!"

But the harm that Mr. Truman might be doing in preventing party unity in this field is considerably reduced, I think, not only by the views expressed by Messrs. Lehman, Kennedy, Morse, Humphrey and the others, but in particular by Dean Acheson, his own Secretary of State. On other aspects of foreign policy, Mr. Acheson has laid himself open to the complaint that too often he out-Dulleses Dulles. But with respect to a sane policy in China, he has rendered great service not only to the nation, but to the party, especially by canceling (one hopes) Mr. Truman's influence in this field.

Mr. Acheson is chairman of a subcommittee on foreign policy of the Democratic Advisory Committee, which has been putting out policy statements on various issues. Its recently issued *Foreign and Military Policy For Peace and Security* was a singularly sterile fabrication — with China scarcely mentioned. This committee ought to be called into session immediately for endorsing the statement on Quemoy and Matsu that Mr. Acheson issued on September 6, amended, in my view, to include especially the views of Mr. Lehman and Mr. Finletter, who suggest putting the China problem into either the United Nations or the Court of International Justice.

I would urge a further amendment: that the policy statement also call for recognition by us of the People's Republic, and its seating in the United Nations, with the understanding that Chiang remain as representative of Formosa until the Formosans have had the opportunity to determine for themselves who shall govern them. This program would be offered Communist China in return for concessions on its part, of course, including an agreement (along lines suggested in the *Times* by Eustace Seligman, chairman of the Foreign Policy Association) to refrain from the use of force in any area and for a lasting peace in Korea.

That the overwhelming majority

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of responsible Democratic leaders is ready to endorse such a program, I have no doubt. It should be remembered that when the issue was first raised in the Senate in 1955, twelve Democrats voted against U.S. involvement in the offshore-islands dispute. An amendment by Senator Lehman to this effect was supported by Byrd, Fulbright, Humphrey, Kefauver, the late Harley M. Kilgore, Long, Mansfield, McNamara, Murray and Neuberger. Six of the eight Democrats who are now serving on the Foreign Relations Committee voted for the Lehman amendment.

FOR THE Democratic Party to oppose the Administration on China means, of course, an end to the bipartisanship that has existed on foreign policy for more than a decade. Many Democrats, not to mention many Republicans, won't like this. Dissent from "established" foreign policy exposes politicians to the need for intelligent discussion of these important as well as emotionally-charged issues — also to criticism from highly vocal elements, such as the China Lobby, the American Legion, et al. The politicians like to avoid this. For the candidates of both parties, it's attractive just to make speeches in which all that's necessary is to attack "atheistic communism" as loudly as one's opponent. Bipartisanship makes possible that kind of sterile approach to foreign policy in our elections.

As Senator Morse wrote in *The Nation*, "American foreign policy belongs to the people, and not to Dulles or any other single man. . . . The people speak on foreign policy through both the Congress and the President." But the people cannot speak effectively unless the political parties present them with alternatives.

Bipartisanship on foreign policy has been sold to many Americans on the claim that it is the "patriotic thing"— that patriotism calls for differences "to stop at the water's edge," as the saying goes. But it is not true love of country to go along with policies which lead to harm of country. A higher patriotism calls for a loyal opposition, from whose challenge of Administration programs correct policies may result.

It is the responsibility of the Democratic Party to provide that kind of opposition. This has been so all the time. Right now, when the current campaigns afford an opportunity for the voters to make their views known, is the time for the Democratic Party to fulfill this responsibility. But they can do this only if the Democratic candidates, backed up by a national party position, stand in opposition to the Eisenhower-Dulles program, thus giving the voters an alternative at last.

TIGHT-MONEY TOURNIQUET . . *by Wilfred Lumer*

FOR THE THIRD time since 1953 "tight money" controls are being imposed by the Eisenhower Administration in its as yet unsuccessful fight against inflation. This latest attempt to deal with mid-twentieth-century economy by using nineteenth-century central banking tools brought the following comment from a well-known Wall Street firm: "It is time the loyalty to the old-school-tie approach of credit control was ended. That approach has had a fair trial for six years."

An attempt to push the art of monetary controls beyond the confines of rediscount rates, bank reserves and Treasury bills is long overdue. Public debts of $275 billion do not manage themselves, nor can they be managed when monetary policy works at cross purposes with the Treasury. Budget deficits of $12 billion need to be financed and they cannot be financed in a non-inflationary way when the public is driven from the government-securities market. When government obligations, issued at par and above, fall ten points in three months, what investor is likely again to commit his resources to such a speculative security? Finally, the rise of the financial intermediaries and the use of installment credit require supplementary controls if a credit policy is to be effective. These are certainly not difficult problems to grasp and certainly the Administration is not unaware of them, but the sanctity of a "free" money market, or rather the *myth* of a free money market, must be preserved at all costs. Actually, the free market for money ended the day Congress passed the Federal Reserve Act. Since then the growth of the public debt, and the rise of vast federal lending agencies responding to social needs for abundant low-cost credit, have further made the concept of a free money market unrealistic.

Apart from these difficulties, general monetary policy is not a satisfactory way to deal with economic-stabilization problems. Controls cannot be applied accurately to specific areas of imbalance. More important, as monetary authorities have observed recently (but apparently drew no lesson therefrom), the psychological response of the market is quite different from what is desired.

Two previous misadventures with "tight money" failed to accomplish their stated objective, price stability, and have cost the country dearly. The rate of national economic growth has been restricted substantially below full-employment requirements. We have lost over $50 billion in production and wealth and added $20 billion to the national debt. The higher level of interest rates on public and private debt cost more than $2 billion additional each year. A

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record peacetime rise in living costs, in part directly due to higher financing costs and in part attributable to the mismanagement of monetary controls in 1953 and again in 1955, robbed consumers of over $14 billion in purchasing power in 1956 and 1957.

DESPITE THIS dismal record we are about to take a third trip on the "tight money" toboggan. With unemployment at 7.6 per cent of the labor force — highest since 1941 — and with the economy operating $25 billion below capacity, interest rates are being boosted and credit restricted. In a dramatic reversal of policy since June, the Federal Reserve has authorized an increase in rediscount rates and raised stock-margin requirements. Further, by absorbing funds through open-market sales of Treasury bills, it has reduced the banking system's free reserves from over $500 million in June to a little over $100 million in August. As of early last month, banks as a whole had negative free reserves. In the last few weeks there has been some temporary easing, but a shift in the direction of credit restraint is unmistakable in Federal Reserve actions.

The market response to all this was a frantic flight from bonds into the most popular inflation-hedge: common stocks. Bond yields rose sharply, as fixed-income obligation prices fell. In just one month, August, yields retraced all the ground lost since November and December, 1957.

The rise in yields cannot be explained by an upsurge in credit demands. Bank loans have risen only slightly despite the rebound in industrial production from the April, 1958, low point. It reflects instead the response of the money market to the Federal Reserve's induced inflation fears. Similarly, the run-up in stock prices, which led the Federal Reserve to raise margin requirements, was the inevitable public response to the Federal Reserve's shift in monetary policy. Thus a policy calculated to convince the public that inflation was not inevitable produced exactly the opposite effect.

What about the danger of a resurgence of inflation? Can we expect monetary controls to prevent it?

A rise in prices is implicit in a recovery from recession. Moreover, when there is superimposed on a recovery movement a tense international situation, plus a public state of mind conditioned to the inevitability of rising prices, one would expect a sharply rising price level. But there has been no sharply rising price level. In August, as the tight-money tourniquet was being applied, the Consumer Price Index reversed trend and declined. The twenty-two basic commodities' price index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, despite all the international saber rattling, is no higher now than before Lebanon. Industrial prices have risen a bit, but lower food prices are expected to follow the sharp drop in farm prices since last April.

Reduced demand and heavy unemployment have weakened the bargaining power of trade unions, if not their will to strike. The "no-inflationary" U.A.W.-Ford three-year contract is estimated to cost about 6 cents additional per hour, the "cheapest" the company has been able to get in thirteen years.

It is true that the 9 per cent recovery in industrial production has been unexpectedly strong, but inventories are still high in relation to sales, and as yet capital appropriations give no sign of an end to the plant- and equipment-spending decline. Consumer incomes are up and expenditures are rising, but demand does not appear urgent enough to set off a real buying boom. While business recovery will undoubtedly continue through the remainder of the year, unemployment remains serious.

AS business continues to pick up, demand for loans will increase and, unless the needed reserves are forthcoming, interest rates will rise rapidly. A sharp rise in credit and capital costs could affect adversely the home-building and automobile industries. Home-building reports are not at all reassuring. There are indications that new starts this year have outpaced sales and with a tightening up of the mortgage market, a cut-back in residential building activity is a real possibility. Such a cut-back would affect the market for household items, including many consumer durables. The auto industry has its fingers crossed, hoping that consumers will buy their new models. If financing problems are added to consumer disenchantment with the kinds of cars Detroit has been peddling, hopes of a 5.5 million car year could be dissipated. The reaction would be felt in steel and related industries.

WHILE THE possibility of a business reversal induced by excessive credit tightening should not be discounted, it is more likely that the Treasury's need to finance the budget deficit will limit the extent to which the Federal Reserve might otherwise tighten up the market.

On the other hand, there is the possibility that an acceleration of the rate of recovery will bring with it a renewal of inflation. Short of bringing on another recession — perhaps this time a depression — classical monetary curbs have little chance of preventing a further price rise.

Six years of failure have demonstrated that, equipped with nineteenth-century central-bank techniques, we cannot sustain maximum employment (without inflation) and production. In place of a generalized tight-money policy, in which the money market rations credit in an inflationary, inequitable and irrational manner, we need a new policy based on selective controls, closer coordination of the federal agencies engaged in lending and borrowing activities, modernization of classical concepts of open-market operations and management of the public debt.

Such controls should recognize the need to regulate the activities of financial intermediaries who play such an important role in investing savings. They should provide for greater stability in the use of installment credit. They should take account of the desirability of promoting investment in projects with high social priority and which are capable, in the long run, of increasing productivity. They should assist in promoting the growth of productivity in small businesses situated particularly in the service industries. Consideration should also be given to the

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development of criteria and standards for regulating the rate of capital investment.

Closer coordination of the policies of the Federal Reserve and the Treasury is needed, together with those of other federal lending agencies. A re-evaluation of the "bills only" method of open market should be undertaken. Studies should be made of the feasibility of reconstructing public-debt maturities so that frequent Treasury financings can be avoided. The possibility of extending competitive bidding to the sale of all Treasury securities (other than savings bonds) should also be considered.

These are the elements involved in formulating an approach to a mid-twentieth century financial policy attuned to the requirements of maximum employment, production, purchasing power and rising productivity. Admittedly, they represent a radical departure from classical techniques and violate the sanctity of the so-called "free" money market. But they represent the only way of avoiding the abandonment of the Full Employment Act, inevitable if the old-school-tie approach to credit control is retained.

WHO'S ON FIRST?

THE GREAT AMERICAN RITUAL . . *Edward L. Rousseau*

EXCEPT FOR reading about them, no waste of time is more complete than watching or listening to spectator sports. Now surely we are given time in order to waste some of it, and the most rigorous moralist would concede that if little good is accomplished by watching the World Series, absolutely no harm is done. The innocence of money-making hours, so praised by Dr. Johnson, is as nothing in comparison. Yet there is a seeming contradiction that Americans, who value above all else the state of being busy, should be inordinately given to the idleness of watching games.

A similarity between the United States and the Roman Empire on this point is obvious; it might seem that we too have reached the stage of decline marked by bread and circuses. But some qualifications are in order.

Drawings by Dempster

American crowds, though more boisterous than the English, are (to say nothing of the ancient Romans) not so violent as those of some other modern nations. With us, broken beer bottles tossed at the bad guy or slack upholders of the good, are not the rule — unless, if we may believe reports, in Philadelphia. The violent antics of wrestling fans belong to another category than professional sports and are not, in any case, typical. Baseball players who seek summer in January on the Caribbean find, to their horror, fans who are serious to the point of violence. Modern Americans easily approve violence in principle as a solution of civic and international problems, but only in the abstract. The same voters who were vehemently for getting tough (in theory) with Communists, and even for a hypothetical atomic holocaust, were equally opposed to actual fighting in Korea or anywhere else. Despite the traditions of the frontier and the South, American crowds are surprisingly good-natured, and more so than usual when in a holiday mood. Anyone used to the ineffectual waspishness of academics is, perhaps, especially surprised.

If force and seriousness always went together, it might be argued that our sporting crowds are relatively detached in their attitude. A strange symbiosis of athletics and higher learning — more grotesque than the myth about rattlesnake and owl living with the gopher in his hole — is an American peculiarity, but not evidence in itself of any special value attached to watching games. That sports are a concomitant of academic life is *prima facie* evidence that they are counted among the childish things that a man must put away. That football should be cherished as a souvenir of youth rather than organic chemistry or economic analysis is surely understandable enough. It has even been argued that interest in spectator sports is diminishing since, as the do-it-yourself craze shows, activity is replacing passivity in American life. The popularity of TV would seem to refute this explanation.

IN ANY CASE, whatever the future may bring, at present sports do act as a link between social classes, with a special reverse snob appeal to intellectuals. Baseball is a universal subject of conversation at once innocuous and more personal than the weather. The case of baseball is enough to refute any minimizing of the place of passive athleticism in American life. Contrary to legend, relatively few among the past gen-

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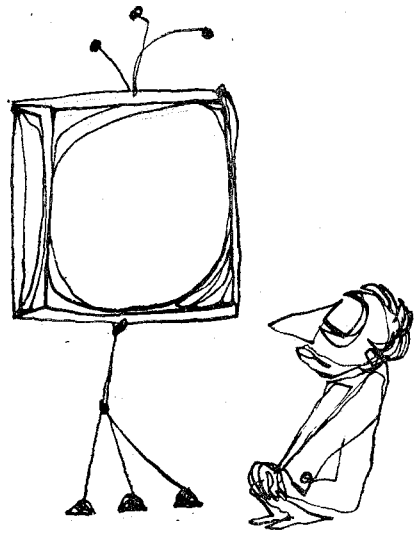
eration or two have played much hardball in their own youth. Unlike basketball or football, the so-called national game does not have the nostalgic association with high school or college days glanced at above. Like any ritual which has not degenerated into a relic, it is a unifying factor in society, imitating real life and yet different from it. The comparison sometimes made with ballet is false. The center of interest both in sports and in American life is a compulsive concern with what the score is. You don't keep score at the Ballet Russe — one reason why the American male is not at home there, in spite of the appetizing scenery. The world of professional athletics is as remote from the everyday round of American life as any art form, but sport — while sufficiently exotic to serve as an escape — appeals to a motive that is immediately intelligible. One of the most frequent complaints by listeners to a sports broadcast is that the announcer doesn't tell what the score is. Without a knowledge of who is ahead and by how much, the game is meaningless, just as our existence would be.

Americans can enjoy games both as active and passive participants without gambling, but not without keeping score. The same instinct is catered to by an immense flow of seemingly meaningless statistics and records from radio and television sports announcers. One reason, of course, is that the announcer needs to keep his jaw wagging when nothing much is happening, or at least nothing that he understands. The slower pace of baseball compared with basketball or boxing shows a reason for a plethora of statistics, though even in the fastest-paced sports enough figures are given to satisfy — one would imagine — the most avid. The announcer's convenience cannot be the sole explanation; the figures must please the customers, or they would not be given.

We seem to have a manifestation of an interest in facts, however useless, and even in abstract schematizations of fact, providing that they explain nothing. In some cases an undeveloped interest in truth, even trivial truth, for its own sake may be the cause of the attention paid to meaningless figures. "All men desire to know," as Aristotle says. Another cause is more important in the case of batting averages, one that applies to the interest in spectator sports itself. Even the most stupid human mind, like an athlete's muscles, calls out for something with which to occupy itself. But even the most intelligent find constant mental effort painful, and the best men find a real commitment of self guided by intelligence difficult. The difference between superior and inferior human types in these respects is one of almost imperceptible differences in degree. Man's need to pass the time without working forms a substratum in passive human interest in the arts —especially literature and music. The strength of this appeal is shown by quite honest irritation at whatever demands attention or judgment. But the need to waste time can be gratified with much less danger of effort and commitment in spectator sports, even when seen darkly through tables of statistics.

ANOTHER level of appeal is the entertainment value of sports — an intense but not demanding engagement in a spectacle with the attraction of an exciting story. As the old saw goes, the game isn't over till the last out is made. Modern literary criticism, both of the Freudian kind and by proponents of the new criticism, has neglected a similar source of interest in literature. It is hardly necessary to say that I don't intend a justification of the prize ring or of the gladiatorial games, but it is important to understand that their appeal is not altogether due to sadism. To say that sports appeal as an exciting spectacle is, then, an important part of the truth but not the whole truth.

Let us consider again the case of the so-called national game, baseball. People may enjoy it, but enjoyment by itself isn't enough to support the industry. Over the country as a whole the fans don't get enough fun out of going to the ball game to pay the price of admission. The minor leagues are dying. It may be argued that the fans want the best and, since they can get the majors free over television — so far as any immediate



price of admission is concerned — won't buy an inferior product. However, even if it were possible to expose all or most of the people in the country to genuine major-league ball and make them pay directly for it, the economic problems of the industry might not be solved permanently. The fans who are now in major-league cities can, even with a losing team, see the most skilled players in the world—baseball as entertainment at its best. Is this enough? Of course it isn't. They demand a winning team. Entertainment as such isn't valued by American sports audiences —or rather, the fun is spoiled unless another condition is fulfilled: the simple-minded morality play of the good guys versus the bad guys must be acted out before their eyes. The good guys must win, or in baseball finish first. A first-division finish isn't enough if it happens too often. There is something disquieting about the morality of the play. The only difference between good and bad is that good is my side, and to stay my side it has to prove its goodness by winning. Such a game is the great American ritual. Mr. Perini, the owner of the Milwaukee National League Baseball Club, had a point when he suggested that baseball be given a tax-exemption status similar to that of religion or education.

His proposal has, nevertheless, some peculiar ramifications. What Mr. Perini seems to have in mind is that he should still get his profits plus the present cut of the Internal Revenue Service. But what the logic of the situation calls for is that the

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government support the proven bad guys, the perennial losers. The customers will support the good guys readily enough. Nobody except the courts takes seriously the pious disclaimers that baseball is not a business. The facts are too plain, but it is certainly a strange business. The baseball owners don't seem to realize how strange, and they act like ordinary capitalists when such an attitude is inappropriate.

The New York Yankees, for example, seem unaware that their success creates a dilemma for themselves as well as for their competitors. They understand well enough that you've got to win to make money. But there is another aspect to the problem. However much collusion there may be among capitalistic competitors, and however much may be necessary except in the never-never land of an abstract *laissez-faire* economics, still, in other industries competitors are not necessary — only customers. The process of carrying monopoly to its logical extreme might destroy even the customers, but that is another story. General Motors could in theory take over Ford or vice versa. But in professional athletics the existence of the competitor is necessary. The Yankees have to have the other clubs in the league to beat, and the other clubs can't stay prosperous unless their customers identify them with the good guys who, by definition, can't be beat. Within the present framework of organized baseball, the situation could be eased somewhat if the rich clubs would permit an unrestricted draft of minor league players so that talent would be distributed more evenly, but those in power are all too human in their willingness to murder Santa Claus any old time for first grabs at his pack.

MY CONCERN with some of the economic problems of baseball as a business has been only to illustrate the importance of winning, an importance that makes spectator sports as entertainment depend on a ritual identification of spectators with the triumphant good. As has already been pointed out, the skills that make for success in games are not really those used in everyday life, but nevertheless Americans often call life itself a game. It is precisely what is taken most seriously in life that is most often so compared — the life-insurance or real-estate business; I have even heard an eminent Thomist metaphysician describe his own activities as "this game." He was not looking at himself through the skeptical eyes of a logical positivist, but assimilating his activities to real American life, talking as if he were one of the boys and as good as anyone else. What spectator sports have in common with the main current of American life — in spite of the obvious differences — is not fun or relaxation, though Americans are in fact quite serious about fun, but again emphasis on keeping score. Parenthetically, it must be remarked that people who place emphasis not only on proving themselves competitively, but also on counting and comparing their self-proof, give evidence that their society places a great psychic strain on the individual. It is a curious coincidence that our predecessors on this continent, the Indians, were great and compulsive score-keepers, counting coups in warfare on the plains and giving potlatches in the Pacific Northwest.

THE POSITION of sports as a ritual representation of life rather than a part of it renders intelligible the curious fact that just in the age when sincerity, making a good impression, and security (rather than risk-taking) are coming to predominate in real life, aggressiveness, toughness and the cult of hustling should prevail on the sports page. A businessman in any ordinary pursuit would not risk bad publicity by endangering the lives of others in order to make money. This observation may seem somewhat naive in view of the practices of the automobile industry, but it would be still more naive to regard poor car sales as a protest in favor of safety or even of common sense. Here we are confronted with sins of omission rather than commission and have no reason to doubt that if safety were at all popular, the automobile producers would sell it. In baseball, on the other hand, the practice of throwing at the batter's head is justified with the excuse that it's all part of the game and by the remark that nearly always the pitcher does not intend to maim or kill but simply to keep the batter from crowding the plate. With their usual ineptness, the powers that be in baseball have made the gesture of giving umpires authority to read minds and to fine pitchers and even managers if they persist in a malevolent mental attitude. The whole problem could be solved in a minute by ruling that any batter struck above the neck would score, with all runners in front of him, and the pitcher immediately be ejected and suspended for thirty days. There would be no possibility of abuse; some players may very occasionally abuse the present rule which gives one base to a batter hit anywhere, but nobody would deliberately stick his head in front of a ball. In justice, it must be observed that the owners have the reverse of a financial interest in having a very hard object thrown through the skulls of their valuable chattels. Nobody can accuse them of deep thinking, malevolent or otherwise. It is also true that bean-balling is almost certainly not so dangerous to life as putting a usually harmless dose of poison in a food portion, but no food producer could publicly argue that poisoning is part of the packing game. Aggression that would no longer be approved in real life is approved in its imitation on the playing field.

THERE IS a case for allowing youth to play moderately dangerous games when properly supervised. Physical courage and indifference to pain are not the supreme virtues, but they are a much more valuable endowment for life than their contraries. This has nothing to do with spectator sports as a business, even when supported on the side by educational institutions. One wonders how long courses of studies would be tolerated in which a sizable proportion of the students got broken bones every year. There is one department of our universities in which this is taken for granted. Public opinion would not tolerate a business which had a similar employee-accident rate, especially if the employees were under age.

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Even the semi-sophisticated have learned to smile at the educational values of sport. But one pre-educational value they do have even for the audience: in the game all that really counts is competence. The student who tries to bluff himself into a grade of A would not expect to make the football team by the same tactics. Everyone even slightly able to judge gives professional athletes — if not the adulation they have learned to expect — the respect due to any competent workman.

But here we find the source of a clash with one aspect of sport as a ritual. Leo Durocher said that nice guys finish last; they don't if they have ability. A team of Musials wouldn't finish behind a team of Durochers and Stankys. All the color, toughness and aggressiveness in the world wouldn't help. It is part of the ritual character of sports that qualities are emphasized — if not on the playing field, then on the sports page — that are dying out in real life. The cult of the tough guy which, with one side of his nature, the American is taught to value is acted out ritually and read about in escape literature just when the opposing characteristics prevail in real life. The great era of spectator sports began when the old values of the self-made man had begun to decay. Practices no longer attained or even tolerated in real life are acted out on the stage of spectator sports, where the good guys who are not the nice guys always win.

Art imitates nature, just the same, and nature art. The attitudes of the spectator do affect American real life. Our salesmanship and production have, as Mr. Galbraith has pointed out, some of the unreal characteristics of a game. But they are the simply given aspects of life and cannot be questioned, any more than the convention of three outs in baseball, even if survival is at stake. Then, too, we are the good guys, and the good guys always win, by a natural law, without any effort — in the grandstand. If things don't seem to be going too well temporarily, we can always change the manager and have the front office spend more money. The future we might have made may be a spectacle we shall die watching. But to expect this may also be a naive expectation of a dramatic and definite conclusion, like that of a game.

U.S. at U.N.: The Burden of Friendship . . *Urban Whitaker*

DISCIPLES OF *realpolitik* have always regarded the United Nations as a forum for counting soldiers under the guise of counting noses; they believe, in other words, that its majorities are always on the side of the big battalions. For the first five years or so of the U.N.'s brief history, this was true enough. It was the United States, indisputably, which had the big battalions (read: the A-bomb); and it was the United States which could always command the majorities — when required, the two-thirds majorities — needed for measures it considered vital.

This is no longer true. The shift has been a gradual one, and it is by no means complete; but the trend is unmistakable. Where once we could dictate on the East River, we must now bargain and compromise. In brief, we can no longer afford to *demand* what we want; we must *bargain* for it. Our solo power has been progressively fused into a complex decision-making apparatus jointly operated by a large group of friends, near-friends and those whom we hope to make our friends.

Perhaps the first significant sign of this new trend came during the Korean War, when we sponsored the Uniting for Peace Resolution, a move designed to detour around the Soviet veto in the Security Council by giving the General Assembly jurisdiction in certain matters. When we took this step just eight years ago, there seemed to be no penalty attached. Most of the then sixty members of the Assembly had always voted with us anyway. We could — at least so it seemed at the time — afford the luxury of supporting international democracy without, in fact, relinquishing our role as the primary leader of the large anti-Communist majority. If things did not work out in the Assembly as we wished, we could always go back to the Security Council on the ground that it, rather than the Assembly, has the major responsibility for the maintenance of world peace.

Subsequent crises, however, have demonstrated that the Uniting for Peace Resolution signalized a *permanent* shift of power rather than the creation of a *temporary* one. The shift was not only from the Security Council to the General Assembly, but from the bigger powers toward the smaller, both inside and outside the U.N. Nor has it been possible for the United States, as it had hoped, to step back under the protective awning of the Security Council veto. Nothing demonstrates this more clearly than the December, 1955, proceedings, when the American coalition fell apart over the election of a non-Communist successor to Turkey on the Council, and over the "package deal" on membership. Legally, we could have blocked both the election of Yugoslavia and the admission of sixteen new members; politically, we could not afford it. The defeat was the more important because it laid the groundwork for its own repetition by increasing both the anti-American, and the occasionally pro-American, voting blocs, and providing the safety of greater numbers for any others who might decide to bolt the American leadership on particular issues.

The 1956 and 1957 Assemblies

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which followed this jolt to our power merely underlined the permanence of the change. Every major world crisis since 1955 has either waited for the Assembly to convene or has eventually resulted in an emergency Assembly session. Thus, in each crisis, the big powers have been faced with the necessity of currying favor among their smaller friends (the Soviet eagerness for an Assembly session on the Lebanon crisis, once plans for a summit conference fell through, is perhaps the most recent case in point). At present, the magic number for the United States is fifty-four, which constitutes a two-thirds majority of the current Assembly membership. Either we convince fifty-three other nations to join us on the major issues before the Assembly, or we suffer the consequences of being unappealing. And it follows that the more appealing we want to be, the more we must listen to and heed the counsel of our fellow-members.

IT WOULD BE naive to assume, in the light of this increasing trend toward international democracy, that we no longer live in a world of power politics, or that nationalism and the pursuit of self-interest by nation-states are on the decline. It is not that power has been supplanted by idealism as the key to international action; it is simply that the *nature* of power has changed.

Power no longer adheres exclusively to the big battalions; it can no longer be judged in terms of military might. And, curiously, it has been the achievement of the ultimate in military might — the hydrogen missile — which has set the stamp of decline, in a relative sense, on this traditional measure of power.

To understand this, it is necessary to recognize that the power struggle on the international scale — the Cold War — is being waged on three levels: (1) the military; (2) the economic, which is a struggle involving both physical and psychological factors; (3) ideas, which are predominantly psychological. *But the nuclear stalemate has eliminated any further meaningful competition on the military level.* With each side already capable of annihilating the other at least once, the advantage of further build-up, to enable one side to annihilate the other twice, is at least dubious. "Who can destroy the most?" is a question which has clearly ended in a tie. "Who can do it the fastest?" is a question not yet so clearly answered; but the difference between destruction by the minute and destruction by the half-hour is hardly a vital one.

We move on, now, to the economic Cold War. After discovering that relative power can no longer be measured on a military scale — the discovery can be said to date more or less to the Summit Conference of 1955 — both the United States and the USSR were forced to place new emphasis on the economic struggle. The results so far have been barely short of shocking from our viewpoint. We were aware of some advantage to the Soviet side because of its totalitarian organization. We were convinced, however, that our own system had demonstrated a sufficient superiority in the actual production of goods so that we could compete successfully.

While this may be true, and probably will continue to be true, it has obscured the fact that our economic production is essentially a "team" effort based on the cooperation of a host of raw-materials producers outside the Western hemisphere. The Paley and Randall reports are only two of the more publicized surveys of recent years which demonstrate a basic economic poverty on the American scene taken as a single unit. Manly Fleischmann, writing in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science,* points out that of thirty-eight important industrial minerals, we are self-sufficient in only nine. He concludes: "We must start by facing the unpalatable fact that America is today a 'have not' nation with respect to a majority of the metals indispensable to national survival." The stark fact is that the United States, by itself, cannot hope to compete with the Soviet Union in the maintenance of a jet-age economy. On the other hand, as the most autarchic nation economically on the globe today, the Soviet Union is relieved of much of the "burden of friendship."

It should be emphasized that the United States can and will succeed in carrying the "burden of friendship." But the price — like most prices — is subject to inflation, and it will cost us *politically* to compete economically. This political price is at once the most outstanding and the least appreciated fact of the cold war.

ON THE MILITARY level, then, the power struggle has already reached a stalemate. On the economic level, we are doomed to lose unless we can maintain the cooperation of friendly countries.

Quite suddenly, then, we are faced with a new and dramatic factor in the shifting phenomenon known as the power struggle: the force of world public opinion. To hold our allies, to maintain our economic strength, we must continually struggle to maintain public opinion on our side — in the United Nations, and outside. Thus we come to the third of the trilogy that makes up the Cold War: the war of ideas.

If world public opinion is the most important factor in the new power struggle, it is also the most elusive. Understandably, some critics insist there is no such thing. It is undeveloped. In one area, it is a truly public opinion; in another, a single man speaks effectively — if not dramatically — for millions. But the essential point is that he speaks; the millions follow, and we must at least listen.

United States policy has shown increasing, if not yet sufficient, awareness of this new necessity. The present Administration has even been accused of selling out to the United Nations. But there is nothing else we could have done. We are faced with a situation where the only effective way to advance our own national interests is by serving the national interests of others. It is a difficult concept to sell, but the only way up seems to be down. National progress depends on international progress. Selfishness is served by altruism — and also tamed by it. We have, in other words, a distinct national interest in hearkening to the voice of public opinion.

It is fair to infer from these de-

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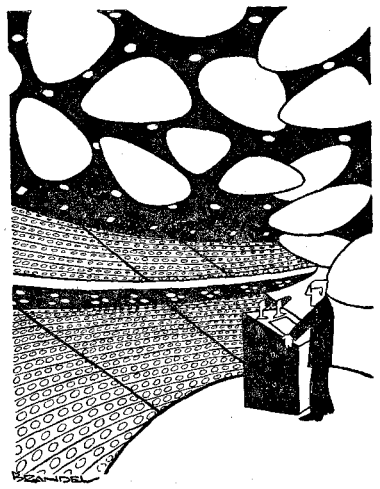
velopments that the world is quietly entering an era of *de facto* "world government"—with a small "w" and a small "g." As the power of the United States wanes, it is not going to some supranational authority; it is going to all the other nations of the world. The result is a new species of world government, unexpected and uninvited, a sort of nuclear accident which finds the big powers wondering what the little powers will tolerate next.

The consequences of this new measure of democracy in international affairs are not yet very well understood. It is still a shock to most Americans to "discover" that they are really a rather minor part of humanity — about 6 per cent. China alone houses more than 20 per cent of all human beings; India is home for another 13 per cent. That each of these and others whose national aspirations are only beginning to express themselves should seek a voice at least commensurate with their size is not only understandable, and perhaps inevitable, but it is consistent with the kind of democratic development we have always claimed to favor. If this kind of democracy goes on to triumph, we will only have been swallowed by the success of our own propaganda.

But the anatomy of the new international democracy is obscure. Surely the Assembly is more democratic than the Security Council. Of its eighty-one members, fifty-nine are outside this hemisphere; thirty are Asian or African; thirteen are new since World War II; ten are Communist. But its voting arrangement



can hardly be described as democratic, legally or actually. Latin America with 150 million people has twenty separate votes. The United States with 180 million, and India with more than 350 million, have a single vote each. Eventually some combination of population and resources will probably dictate both the legal and *de facto* arrangements, and the United States will take a place second to both China and India but considerably ahead of Iceland, Burma and Mexico. In the meantime, we are faced with the task of designing effective means of measuring national psychological power. For this purpose we will continue to find the proceedings of the General Assembly a valuable guide.

WHAT CAN THE United States do about these developments? Throughout this article it has been argued that the combination of nuclear stalemate and economic interdependence has dictated a redistribution of *de facto* governing power in the world and that the relative power gap between the United States and her "weaker" friends has begun to decrease. The discussion, however, has been more descriptive than normative, and no conclusion has been drawn as to whether this is a good or bad development.

Americans are apt to react to their new situation in various ways. Walter Lippmann, for example, in his book, *Essays in the Public Philosophy*, suggests that the decrease in American power is not only bad, but avoidable, and we should set out posthaste to reverse it.

This line of argument, which is based on the familiar premise that democracies are too slow to survive in a world of fast wars, has a partial boomerang built into it. For if the foregoing analysis is accurate, the new psychological wars will be slower — if considerably longer — than the old physical wars, and there will actually be some new advantages to democracies *because they are democracies.*

At any rate we can hardly meet the challenge to the old international system by attempting to preserve it. The danger we face is not so much in the fact that we are becoming less powerful relative to the other inhabitants of the planet. The real danger is that we may foolishly try to drag the twentieth-century power relationship with us into the twenty-first century and thus earn the punishments which the primary powers of the next century will be able to pay to recalcitrant minorities.

This is not just a counsel given in order to avoid being "done in." The decline we are experiencing is relative. We are not losing ground so much as others are gaining it, and the change should be good for all of us. By the twenty-first century—only forty-two years from now — we will probably have less say than some of our global neighbors in world affairs. But if the Chinese and Indians are ruling the world, and we have the minority voice — well, they constitute one-third of the planet's population, and we *are* a minority. But both we and they will enjoy standards of living higher than anyone now has. Mankind in general will have increased its powers over its physical and social environments, and no group of people will necessarily grow less well satisfied with its lot.

IN FACT, IT IS the curious thing about power that our new weaknesses will prove to be a great strength in the long run. From dependence, from having to consider the desires of others — which have been described above as a loss of power — will come new, close relationships which will actually add to our power and theirs.

In short, we are forced to new positions of power by being too weak to resist. The power we are losing is, in many ways, the power to commit mistakes. By being weak enough to have to listen to others, we are being saved from ourselves. And this is an advantage the Communists do not fully share. Thus, paradoxically, the United States may find through the inexorable forces of international democracy that the very weakness which is reducing us to a second-rate power in terms of the old order will invite the strength necessary to establish us as a first-rate power in the new.

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A Climax of French Culture

FROM THE N.R.F. An Image of the Twentieth Century from the Pages of the Nouvelle Revue Française. Edited with an introduction by Justin O'Brien. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 383 pp. $5.

J. G. Weightman

PROFESSOR O'BRIEN has accomplished an act of piety by making an anthology of articles from the dog-eared copies of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* he bought as a young man. The letters, *N.R.F.*, will always remain magic initials for anyone who was introduced to French literary life between the two wars; there were other reviews and other publishing houses — the *Mercure de France,* for instance, or the *Revue de Paris,* Grasset or Flammarion — but only the *Nouvelle Revue Française* and the Gallimard books bearing the black or red monogram on a white cover were cut open excitedly, with the conviction that here was the purest food for the contemporary mind. Begun in 1909, the *N.R.F.* reigned supreme from 1919 to 1939 and has not been replaced. The *Nouvelle N.R.F.,* which Gallimard now publishes in the identical format and which is edited by Marcel Arland and Jean Paulhan, both survivors from the pre-war team, contains a lot of good material but, compared to its prototype, it has a mysteriously devitaminized flavor. There are many other intelligent reviews, *La Table Ronde, La N.E.F., Critique,* etc. In the post-Liberation period, when Sartre was at his peak and really interested in *Les Temps Modernes,* that review for a short time occupied the leading position of the old *N.R.F.* At the moment, Maurice Nadeau's *Les Lettres Nouvelles* is probably nearest the heart of the literary situation, although it has not achieved the eminence of its great predecessor.

Why a review should fail or flourish and, more particularly, why it should take on the almost numinous glow of the old *N.R.F.,* is often hard to determine. In his introduction, Professor O'Brien gives a brief sketch of the genesis of the *N.R.F.* and of its history under a remarkable line of editors: Jean Schlumberger, Jacques Copeau, Jacques Rivière and Jean Paulhan. Schlumberger has explained that a group of intellectuals, who were united more by friendship than by any precise doctrine, had the idea of beginning a review to mark a new departure after the end of Symbolism. The animating spirit was André Gide, although he had no official editorial capacity. He was the "great man" who asserted himself against the leading figure on the declining *Mercure de France,* Remy de Gourmont.

GIDE HAD exactly the right blend of critical and creative energy, the leisure to be interested, an anxious sympathy with all artistic and intellectual endeavor and, more important still, a richly self-contradictory nature which kept the review open on all sides. He was the center of a loosely connected but quite definite body of literary people, more numerous and more broadly based than the so-called Bloomsbury Group in England. Its history is only now being written by M. Anglès, a professor at the French Institute in London, who has stressed the extraordinary verbal-mindedness of these intellectuals. They met constantly in Paris, or visited together in the country; they organized discussions and wrote one another immense letters; they kept diaries and even had the peculiar habit of reading extracts aloud to one another. They formed, in fact, probably the most genuine *literary community* that has existed in the modern world. Clearly, a great intellectual review is a respiratory apparatus which allows a culture to breathe on the highest level and so make the most of itself. Except for Gide and the *N.R.F.,* many writers totally unlike Gide and not particularly sympathetic to the *N.R.F.* (Claudel, for instance), could not have developed as they did. Professor O'Brien does not say this, but he goes even further in emphasizing the international importance of the *N.R.F.* He quotes Gertrude Stein: "Paris was where the twentieth century was" and he maintains that the example of the *N.R.F.* was behind *Criterion, Horizon* and several other famous periodicals which, for various reasons, were less effective.

All this being so, one would expect Professor O'Brien's *N.R.F.* anthology to be a fascinating book. I regret to say I find it an almost complete bore, quite devoid of the appetizing richness of, for instance, the *Partisan Readers.* However, it is easy to see why the apparently excellent idea of anthologizing the *N.R.F.* should have led to this result.

IN THE first place, the volume is written in that most distressing form of pidgin English, translatorese. Professor O'Brien and his team of translators, who are all (as he points out) doctors of Columbia University, work on the principle of the literal rendering. This, I admit, is better than woolly paraphrase but, as a doctor of London University, I must nevertheless denounce it as the dreariest variety of mistaken prudence. A literal rendering is intended to keep close to the original; in fact, since it violates English idiom and word-order, it turns the original into something clumsy and outlandish. The problem of translation is to preserve the literal force of the original in English. Professor O'Brien, apparently quite unaware of this, renders Gide's style as follows:

> When you speak of my unrest, there is a misdeal; dear friend, the unrest is not on my side but on yours. That is what chagrined Claudel in his affection: I am not a tormented man. I never realized this better than when reading you, and that the most Christian thing about you is precisely the unrest. But despite the meanders of your specious thought, the ageing Racine's Christian point of view and your point of view as a Christian novelist differ to the point of being in opposition.

Or, to quote only one more horror, which strikes me as I turn over the pages:

> Many were the planes over which Marcel Proust extended his domain, but with this intermediate plane his genius never signed a pact.

Surely a sentence of this kind — and, alas, there are dozens of them — must affect any literary sensitivity like a slap with a wet fish. Only slight alterations would be necessary to turn either passage into English, but they are the tremendously important alterations that make all the difference between literacy and illiteracy. It is the reviewer's sad duty to say that Professor O'Brien's volume is profoundly illiterate and so betrays Gide, Valéry, Paulhan and all the rest because, whatever their differences,

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the writers of the *N.R.F.* were united in their fanatical respect for language.

Secondly, the editorial problem was well-nigh insoluble. Professor O'Brien says that the *N.R.F.* was "first of all a critical review" and that no one has hitherto "delved into the storehouse." The truth is that the storehouse was constantly rifled by the Gallimard press. When you look through the files of the review, as I have just done to discover why Professor O'Brien has not chosen more substantial pieces, you see that almost everything of value has appeared in book form. The gist of the review was not critical; it consisted of the creative writings of Gide, Valéry, Claudel, Proust, Montherlant, Alain, Benda, etc. The critical notes were very important, of course, but they were usually written by first-line authors, who later introduced them into their collected works. It is interesting to see, for instance, that the review of Radiguet's *Le Diable au Corps,* one page in length, is by Cocteau and was republished in a book. The longest critical essays are by Albert Thihaudet, who wrote several thousand words every month for more than fifteen years—and used this material in his books.

PROFESSOR O'BRIEN is obliged, then, to glean among the unconsidered trifles. Why, otherwise, would he have resuscitated Valéry Larbaud's very short piece on Proust, written in 1923, when it has little instrinsic value except as a salute to Proust's genius and has been superseded by a whole library of commentaries? Why bother with François Mauriac's analysis of Edouard Bourdet's now forgotten play, *La Captive,* unless one has the rather malicious intention, which I should not attribute to Professor O'Brien, of showing that Mauriac was transparently obsessed with homosexuality? A few of the articles are good, but most were never more than minor contributions to the *N.R.F.*

Nevertheless, Professor O'Brien's book serves the good purpose of making us reflect on the remarkable phenomenon of the *N.R.F.* We can see at this distance that it was probably the last great flowering of a certain type of bourgeois culture, and really an aftermath of the nineteenth century. The writers of the period either had small private fortunes, as in the case of Gide, Proust, Benda, Martin du Gard, etc., or they found some means of livelihood which left them leisure for independent literary work; Alain was a teacher, Claudel a diplomat, Valéry private secretary to a wealthy invalid. Sometimes the writer, Suarès for instance, was really very poor and looked upon himself as a *poète maudit* in the Baudelaire-Verlaine tradition, but on the whole he managed to exist, and even to take a summer house at the sea-side.

On the other hand, he had no intention of making a fortune or even of rising above a certain modest standard of living. To make a fortune would have been basely to identify himself with the materialistic values of the bourgeois society of which he felt himself to be, precisely, the contradictory and spiritual flower. Following in the tradition created by Baudelaire, Flaubert and Mallarmé, which was ultimately a form of Romanticism, the writer had the firmest possible belief in his spiritual function as an intellectual, even when he was consumed by doubts like Gide, or contemptuous of literature as such, like Valéry, or inclined to stress character rather than intelligence, like Alain. The *N.R.F.* group probably achieved the perfect balance between thinking *for* and *against* their public. Although ultimately bourgeois, they were in a sense classless, because they thought outside convention and adopted any recruit who subscribed to their values. These apparently unimportant, and in some ways rather fussy little men assumed with intense spiritual pride that they represented France and that France represented humanity, and their assumptions turned out to be right.

Their present-day successors are without these basic convictions. France is now much more battered than it was after the Dreyfus case and the First World War. The country is, in a sense, even more bourgeois than ever, and technically more successful, but its brain is less able to rise above materialistic considerations and less sure that it ought to do so. Mauriac, Malraux, Sartre and Camus, although they all began within the circle of the *N.R.F.*, do not have the same common ground as Gide, Proust, Valéry and Alain. Camus has draped himself in solitude and style; Sartre has got hopelessly bogged down in his relationships with the French Communist Party; Malraux seems to have sold out to rhetoric and chauvinism; Mauriac, in spite of his qualities, is too peevish and personal to represent the serenity of conscience. Several of the younger writers have gone in for varieties of negativism and preciosity. It cannot be said that anyone is specifically to blame for this literary fragmentation. It just happens that France has at last been thrown wide open to the winds of international politics and has not been able to cope with defeat and a festering colonial problem. The inter-war period now appears like a blessed lull during which the individualistic, analytical spirit was able to achieve its final expression, in what might be called organized anarchy.

For when we think back now to the achievements of the famous writers connected with the *N.R.F.*, we are struck by the fact that their association was a way of insuring the development of individualism. They did not form a school. They came together to be different. It may be that individualism can only be perfected collectively, in a society which is still firmly enough based not to be afraid of internal contradictions and intellectual enough to think that man's prime duty is to use his faculty of language for the full expression of his being. The most interesting article in Professor O'Brien's collection is the manifesto in-

To David, About His Education

The world is full of mostly invisible things,
and there is no way but putting the mind's eye,
or its nose, in a book, to find them out,
things like the square root of Everest
or how many times Byron goes into Texas
or whether the law of the excluded middle
applies west of the Rockies. For these
and the like reasons, you have to go to school
and study books and listen to what you are told,
and sometimes try to remember. Though I don't know
what you will do with the mean annual rainfall
on Plato's Republic, or the calory content
of the Diet of Worms, such things are said to be
good for you, and you will have to learn them
in order to become one of the grown-ups
who sees invisible things neither steadily nor whole,
but keeps gravely the grand confusion of the world
under his hat, which is where it belongs,
and teaches small children to do this in their turn.

HOWARD NEMEROV

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troducing the first post-war number in 1919, in which Jacques Rivière wrote:

> We are the most candid people on this earth. Others may find us hard and pugnacious. They can take us to task for our nature, often scornful and aggressive. But we cannot be surpassed for the truth of our feeling or for the readiness with which we express it. The Russians have perhaps said things more base, more intimate than we have dared say, but their words are blended with lies or at least with dreams. Our literature is the most purified, the most free of all hypocrisy that any nation can produce.

This boast is probably justified. Gide, in fact, in his attempt to put the whole of one modern man onto paper, was going to confess things which were original in their baseness and intimacy. Proust was going to analyze human emotions with a thoroughness that has never been surpassed. Valéry, in the immense *Cahiers* which are only now being brought out, was carrying intellectual self-consciousness further than anyone had ever done before. Claudel deliberately built himself up into a mountain of dogmatism; Benda represented adamant nationalism; Montherlant did what could be done with erotic, neo-Catholic dandyism, and so on. If a literary culture is to be defined by the variety of extreme types it produces, then the France of the inter-war period can offer a display that has no equivalent anywhere.

Because of the violence of these oppositions, the intellectual temperature at the center of the *N.R.F.* must have been one of the highest on record. *Criterion* had *The Wasteland* in its first number but did not reach that height again. A major part of modern French literature went through the *N.R.F.*; all French writers were affected by the review's intense awareness of Surrealism, Freudianism, Marxism, foreign literatures, etc.; all were conditioned by the implicit assumption that the artist's essential loyalty is to his temperament and the thinker's to his thought, wherever it may lead him.

Some people have held that this is a suicidal conception of culture; that to offer everything up on the altar of the spirit is to consume the very basis of culture. It is, they say, to forget that nations are held together by a collective inarticulate, by healthy stupidities, which are better left untampered with. Certainly the size and contradictory brilliance of the French bourgeois elite provided no immediate protection against the onslaught of German fascism, and certainly the higher achievements are rarely allied with sound political sense on the everyday level. The French have paid in the past for their exemplary artistic and intellectual recklessness, and they may have to pay again. But on Judgment Day they will have several unique things to show, and one will be the collected files of the *Nouvelle Revue Française.*

Dark Illumination

THE HUMAN CONDITION. By Hannah Arendt. The University of Chicago Press. 333 pp. $4.75.

Richard Peters

IT IS A brave philosopher who will venture to write a "remarkable thesis" on "the human condition" which casts new light on "such subjects as semantics, philosophy, politics, aesthetics, the family, economics, labor movements and the growth of psychology and the social sciences."

As a matter of fact, Dr. Arendt's thesis is not all that remarkable. It is that we have become a society of laborers, preoccupied with survival rather than with creating objects that last or with making our mark in public life. Modern developments in space travel and automation are likely to set us free from the habitat of our survival and from labor. What will then happen to us, a society of job-holders, "where the only active decision required of an individual is the rejection of his personality"? For we have lost the zest of the Greeks for public affairs and the joy of the medievals in craftsmanship. And the life of contemplation is quite beyond the ken of most of us.

This rather somber and sententious diagnosis is wrapped up in metaphysical musings in the Hegelian style. The various transformations of "the human condition" are described in very general concepts, and the thought of most philosophers from Plato to Whitehead is interpreted in terms of them. Somewhat surprisingly, the concepts themselves are not of the rarefied and abstract sort so often associated with such high-flown enterprises. They are the earthy ones of labor, work and action.

Nevertheless these earth-bound concepts preserve the mystical overtones of so many previous trinities. When Dr. Arendt stresses the connection between labor and what is done for survival and consumption she is particularly difficult to follow. Whitehead once advised philosophers to ponder upon their organic sensations. Dr. Arendt seems to have taken him very seriously. "A philosophy of life," she says, "that does not arrive, as did Nietzche, at the affirmation of 'eternal recurrence'... as the highest principle of all being, simply does not know what it is talking about." Dr. Arendt arrives all right, and she may well know what she is talking about; she does not always make it clear to the uninitiated.

Labor, claims Dr. Arendt, is the activity which corresponds to the biological process of the human body; it is bound up with the survival of the human organism. But the initial trouble about such a view is that there are so few activities of this sort. Almost nothing that man does, apart from things like breathing and swallowing, corresponds to a merely biological process. For an act — let alone labor — cannot even be described without reference to social standards and conventions. Even eating is not just a matter of getting food into the stomach. Life is seldom a matter of mere survival; it is a matter of surviving in a certain manner. What constitutes "labor" in a given society is quite inseparable from the standards and conventions which make it a society and not just a multitude of men.

LOCKE, for stylistic reasons in all probability, spoke of "the labour of our body and the work of our hands." He had in mind the activities of the early colonists in digging the soil, making fences, hewing wood and drawing water. But Dr. Arendt elevates a stylistic gimmick into a crucial metaphysical distinction. "Work," she claims, is distinct from "labor" because it brings about a durable world of objects. Tools were invented to erect such a world, not primarily to help the human life process. (How does she know?) "Without a world between man and nature, there is eternal movement, but no objectivity." (Are the stars, then, less "objective" than electric-light bulbs?) Fabrication has a determinate, predictable end, labor has neither beginning nor end.

Is a man, then, who digs a latrine of a semi-permanent nature "working" or

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"laboring"? Is the fisherman not a laborer because he must use his hands rather than his body? He is, after all, furthering a life process — unless he fishes for fun. Or does he work when he fishes and labor when he eats the kipper? Or does he work when he makes nets and labor when he uses them? Where do "life processes" begin and end? Work, it is said, is the only activity that has a beginning and an end. But drinking, surely, has as much a beginning and an end as making a straw to drink with. For "end" is, of course, used in at least two senses—that of end-product and that of the terminating point of any activity whatsoever.

DR. ARENDT's concept of "action" is even more bizarre than her other two concepts. She wishes to reserve the term exclusively for activity that goes on between men and men, where men reveal themselves in speech to one another, make their mark and shape their stories. The city state arose from the need to multiply such occasions of "immortal fame" and to remedy the futile evanescence of action and speech, which passes away unless it is preserved in stories or history.

Action, Dr. Arendt goes on to say, may have a beginning but no predictable end. But this is surely an outrage to ordinary usage. For the model case of a human action is something done to bring about an end.

What Dr. Arendt really means is that the *consequences* or *results* of actions are unpredictable. That is no doubt true, but so are the consequences or results of producing material things like steam engines, wheels, pickaxes, and golf clubs.

Wittgenstein once said that language is a "form of life," and Dr. Arendt, to a certain extent, shares his insight into the sort of life made possible by speech. But she fails to see how far this insight must be pushed—right into the realm of what she calls "work" and "labor." She has intimations of what is distinctive of "the human condition" which are quite beyond the ken of Marxists, behaviorists, and machine-bound information theorists. But the concepts she uses to present them are too coarse and confused to pinpoint its complexities. They are, indeed, so bizarre that the reader is constantly struck by their strangeness instead of by what they are meant to illuminate.

The point of her scrutiny, however, is revelation rather than recommendation. "What I propose," she says, "is very simple: it is nothing more than to think what we are doing." And on her view "thought . . . has neither an end nor an aim outside itself, and it does not even produce results." (She even thinks that the laws of logic are rooted in the structure of the human brain!) Modern man, she concludes, is a laborer, oblivious to "work" and "action." He is alienated from his world by the adoption of the universal point of view introduced by Galileo, turned in on himself by Luther, the craven victim of Cartesian doubt. He may well be. But Dr. Arendt forgets that Descartes also introduced into the modern world the passion for clarity and distinctness, a passion which she does not seem to share. Her thesis is therefore bedeviled by the obscurity of her concepts and their lack of distinctness from one another. Like Collingwood's artist, she is pregnant with a message that she cannot clearly utter. Yet without her trinity of labor, work and action, would she have any message at all? Is the metaphysics of "the human condition" much more than the rigging of concepts to match a mood?

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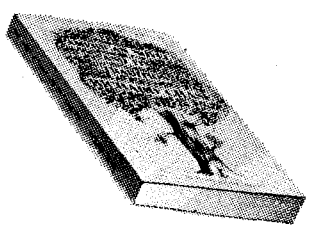

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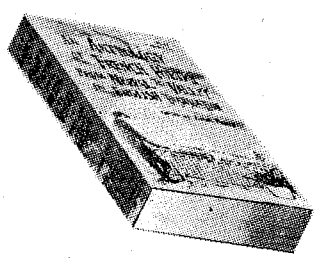

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Books In Brief

THE LAW. By Roger Vailland. Alfred A. Knopf. 314 pp. $3.95.

CITY OF SPADES. By Colin MacInnes. The Macmillan Co. 255 pp. $3.75.

THE UGLY AMERICAN. By William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. W. W. Norton. 285 pp. $3.75.

RICE ROOTS. By Arthur Goodfriend. Simon and Schuster. 209 pp. $3.95.

Robert Hatch

GRANTED that there are no new plots, there should still be the chance of new devices, new runs of the cards. But even such novelty is so uncommon that a novel possessed of it immediately breaks from the publishing orbit and fixes a place for itself. *The Law* has this quality; I think it will hold its ground.

In the towns of Southern Italy, the game played at the wine shops is "The Law." The rules are simple, the deportment traditional. A group of players (six is a good number) gathers around a table and chooses by lot a chief, who appoints a deputy. A liter of wine is then ordered and paid for by the losers, who must, however, petition the bosses for a drink. Every such request is met with mocking inquiries and shrewd insults, which the victims endure with such fortitude as they can summon. In the end, they may or may not get the glass of wine, but if the game is being run by worthy padrones they will never get it until their weaknesses have been laid bare and their spirits whipped raw. Each game continues until the liter is emptied — most of it being consumed, naturally, by the proprietors of that game. Then lots are drawn again and the table may be turned.

The point of this game, obviously, is not the wine — the point is power, administered with the maximum malice. A good player of "The Law" holds the precise clues to his victim's fears and shames, knows just how far he can go without breaking up the game. For, of course, the power is illusory, the victim can revolt, the sympathy of onlookers (it is a game that almost requires an audience) can turn against the chief. But if he is an adept, he can keep a victim squirming in clammy humiliation hour after hour. Great are the evenings when some hapless player never draws the card of authority.

And Roger Vailland's point is that "The Law" so fascinates these village players because it is a theatrical distillation of their entire society. Sex and profit are the major drives in Porto Manacore, a fishing village built on Roman ruins not far from Foggia. The drives are pursued, however, not for their own pleasures, but for the chances they open to enforce "The Law." A man, or woman, is rich and happy according to the number of losers in the game he operates, and one's place in society is determined, month by month, according to where one stands in the hierarchy of imposing or obeying "The Law." This, evidently, is the pecking order, in itself no new thing, though carried out at Porto Manacore with frank and primitive elegance.

But M. Vailland shocks you into attention because, holding this view of his community, he has not written a bitter, cynical or angry book. On the contrary, his book is buoyantly alive, one might say sunny. *The Law* is curiously free of frustration, estrangement or other contemporary corrosives; everyone is fully engaged, vitally occupied, using his life to the full stretch of its capacity. To be sure, there are a few permanent victims; as in the wine-shop game, some victims never draw the avenging card. But on average this is a community where the knife of fortune can be endured with some equanimity because there is always the chance of a counter thrust in another quarter. And even the permanent victims are somehow sustained by being part of the apparatus — the only real failures are the unemployed, who are no longer able to play, and Don Ottavio who, as seigneur of the community, derives his rights outside chance or strategy and devotes his long life of disciplined venery to a slow suicide of disengagement.

What M. Vailland puts forward is an existentialism of the pack. Engagement there must certainly be, but not an engagement of the spirit, as we have supposed. Man is a carnivore and he engages his world with his teeth. This must be a reprehensible philosophy and we should all be finding flaws in M. Vailland's animated comedy. But at the moment I am much too grateful for his pack of substantial men and women, pursuing their implacable ends in a hard, tangible landscape, to play moral detective. It is exhilarating to be reminded of the tonic of pagan laughter.

Lullaby

Oh, who can hear the fall-out?
Nobody, my dear.
Silent as milk or silk
Rains the delicate flow,
All through the night
So light, so light,
And when you wake in the morning
It will be deeply here:
The drifting, lifting fall-out
Silent as the snow.

EVE MERRIAM

"WE LIKE living out our lives." So explains Johnny Macdonald Fortune, eighteen years old, from Nigeria, now in London to learn the science of meteorology and be a credit to his dad and mum back home. Of course Johnny doesn't make it — how much solid study would a youth of eighteen have accomplished in one of the gold towns of the Klondike?

Because to Johnny and his thousands of fellow Negroes from Africa and the West Indies, London is a frontier town. They are young men entirely without women of their own, they are prospecting for a golden strike on the streets of London, they are whole oceans away from the constraints of their own society and both ignorant and contemptuous of the constraints England expects them to observe. Johnny begins his career in London by running the wrong way up an Underground escalator (he had promised his sister Pearl) and ends it in flight from a police record of dope peddling, living off women, and generally riotous and disdainful behavior. Johnny is a sad, stubborn, innocent fool in London's complex society; he is also one of the new pioneers.

That is the substance of *City of Spades*, a rollicking but withal somber novel of England's colonial citizens who have so unexpectedly, and in such numbers, taken it into their heads to try fortune in the mother capital. Colin MacInnes appears to have worked his way quite deeply into the new Negro world of London. He is not one of those to whom all Blacks look alike — he can even tell an African from a West Indian and he has caught their speech (a breezy but formal English, as though spoken to an inaudible beat), their sense of fun, the quality of danger in them. A code is there — the pride, the ambition, the sense of future ("England is quite wasted," says Johnny) — even if to the English it looks like a jungle riot.

City of Spades is an absorbing book, especially against the bitter news stories from Notting Hill. Mr. MacInnes is a little dazzled by his charming new friends, a little indulgent of their misbehavior because they are such a bright relief from the welfare gray, a little overready to concede the future to these gay black conquistadors. He sells his own tradition short: it is still no shallow gift to be born an Englishman. MacInnes,

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in fact, is in much the state of euphoria that seized the white chroniclers of Harlem a generation ago, and I suspect that one of his heroes, reading the book, would charge him with prejudice by over-compensation.

For all that, *City of Spades* is an admirable first reconnaissance into Black London, a journey of some risk carried out with style, humor and the insights of affection. Later voyagers will not have the novelty to contend with.

(I'm reluctant to believe Mr. MacInnes that the C.I.D. has picked up so many unappetizing techniques and habits of mind from the American city police. If Scotland Yard is really playing dirty, the British thriller is doomed and the decline and fall of man's most brilliant island may be at hand.)

SO MUCH is said nowadays about the tide of conformity, the failure of debate, the reverence for designated power that I want to report an instance of the *j'accuse* spirit from an unexpected quarter. *The Ugly American* is a book written at approximately the *Saturday Evening Post* level by two men, William J. Lederer (*Ensign O'Toole and Me*) and Eugene Burdick (*The Ninth Wave*), who write consistently and successfully in that highly professional world.

Their book is a related series of short stories, vignettes, anecdotes, full of rapid action, easy, surface characterizations and sentimental relationships — good escape stuff, good movie stuff — and all directed passionately to the charge that the United States is conducting its affairs in Southeast Asia with the charm and effectiveness of a spoiled and ignorant bully. The American of the title is ugly like Abraham Lincoln and would win the approval of Booth Tarkington. If he has any politics he shares them with McKinley and he calls his middle-aged wife, who can wrap him around her finger, "girl" and "baby." He is an engineer named Homer Atkins and he and Ambassador MacWhite, another Uncle Sam stereotype, understand each other —and the issue. That issue, very simply, is to help the Asians to solve their own problems, improve their own standards of living, build their own defenses against encroaching tyranny from East or West and worship their own gods in their own way. The American way of life — a popular export — and the American balance of trade have nothing to do with it.

Atkins and MacWhite, Yankees with a vision, fight heroically and ingeniously against obtuse arrogance: they lose and the time-servers and the ax-grinders return. Lederer and Burdick have written the only book I have ever read that is at once slick and angry; they have an awkward way of advocating decency and generosity, to say nothing of intelligence, not for their own sake but because that is the way to beat the Russian game. Still, I hope their readable diatribe wins them a number of angry allies.

FOR THEIR comfort, I advise the authors of *The Ugly American* to read *Rice Roots*; Arthur Goodfriend is the kind of American they are looking for. The book is the account of a year that Goodfriend, a United States Information Officer, spent with his wife and two children in the native towns and villages of central Java. He had lived in the East off and on for many years, never felt competent to deal with the problems that came before him, and went to the rice roots for an education.

The education he got was rather rough. Indonesians are polite people, but when they were sure that Goodfriend really wanted to know what they thought, they told him. They confessed themselves not over-fond of America, and Goodfriend became convinced that not all the gold in Fort Knox would improve their opinion. Indonesians, it happens, don't like to be offered money—as they don't like to see the Koran printed upside down or to find the image of the Prophet reproduced in any form. They don't particularly object to Coca Cola, but they wonder how it fits into an aid program, as they wonder why comic books are so much more efficiently distributed than scientific texts. They don't, in short, feel that the United States cares much about them except as pawns in a world struggle, and they don't enjoy being used as pawns.

Goodfriend explores the details of this situation in a narrative that retains the vividness of his own growing knowledge, his own rueful errors and happy conquests. His examples are often funny, though the implications are something short of side-splitting. We can, perhaps, forgive ourselves much because we are so young a world power, but the East is in no mood to wait while we learn wisdom and tact. Nor is the task so staggering — it is not expected that we become philosophers and saints. What is needed is a small corps of men like Goodfriend who will risk their dignity, their prejudices and their digestion in the interests of an exchange at a level more vital than the diplomatic pouch and the invoice. There is nothing wrong with trying to win friends for our own happiness and security — what is wrong is the notion that we can buy them.

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RECORDS

Lester Trimble

ALMOST A YEAR ago [*The Nation,* Nov. 2, 1957] I wrote some glowing words about the Beaux Arts String Quartet, which had just completed a series of concerts at Carnegie Recital Hall. It was my opinion then that this youthful group showed every likelihood of becoming an important force in the musical world. I underestimated. Washington Records recently issued three discs devoted to the Opus 9 Haydn String Quartets, on which this ensemble demonstrates that it ranks with the finest chamber music groups of our time. I do not know of a single quartet, European or American, that could give more deeply satisfying, stylistically perfect and immediate readings of these works.

To one who has always held that the music of Haydn is unjustly neglected, these performances are particularly welcome. For, because of the Beaux Arts String Quartet's evident joy in the music, and their insights into its emotional depth, even the most recalcitrant ear must become aware that the Opus 9 No. 3 Quartet strongly presages the late Beethoven Quartets, and that the Opus 9 No. 4 is as fine an example of eighteenth-century elegance as one could hope to find. The Quartets Nos. 1 and 2 are less highly developed, although even there, in the Adagio movement of the second Quartet, an astoundingly intense, Romantic expression is in evidence. In the case of each Quartet, the Beaux Arts group plays with exquisite balance between sparkle and sobriety; graceful, intelligent phrasing; and an easy sense of stylistic authenticity. WR-450 (Quartets Nos. 1 and 2); WR-451 (Nos. 3 and 4); WR-452 (Nos. 5 and 6).

BY comparison, the playing of the Griller Quartet and violist William Primrose on the Mozart Quintets K. 406 (C Minor) and K. 516 (G Minor) must be described as heavy and rather dull (Vanguard VRS-1029). Their performance style in the C Minor might be justified if a Brahms chamber work were being played, but it lays a layer of dark varnish over Mozart's textures which ill suits their native transparency. The moody G Minor Quartet is interpreted with an astounding lack of breadth, considering that so eminent a violist as Primrose is involved in the proceedings. Throughout the first movement, each phrase seems to gasp quickly and then fade, with only the faintest connection tying it to the next. The tone of the ensemble is large and forceful, but somehow, perhaps in the quest for size, the intimacy and communicativeness of the music is lost.

Two harpsichord discs of varying degrees of interest have been issued, one by RCA Victor (Wanda Landowska: *The Art of the Harpsichord*—LM-2194) and the other by Overtone (Albert Fuller: *Pièces de Clavessin* by Gaspard Le Roux — Overtone 15). The RCA recording includes J. S. Bach's *Partita No. 2 in C Minor;* his *Capriccio on the Departure of His Beloved Brother;* and *Fantasia in C Minor;* as well as a *Passacaglia in D Minor* by J. K. F. Fischer which bears a disconcerting resemblance to Bach's unaccompanied violin *Chaconne.* Landowska's performances are, as always, technically perfect, dramatic and forcefully articulated. The recorded sound of her instrument is intense and grand. Fuller's harpsichord is brighter and lighter in tone, and his playing of the highly ornamented Suites by Le Roux is elegant and thoroughly convincing. The music of this little-known composer of the Louis XIV period is exquisitely wrought, but not very compelling.

Bartók Records has come out with an unusual "sampler" disc, containing excerpts from twenty works from their catalogue. The purpose of this record is to provide the mail-order customer with an opportunity to judge the performance and recording quality of the various items. With the record goes a cash certificate applicable to the purchase of another disc. The sampler gives a tantalizing overview of Bartók's music, and judging by it, the company's standards are high indeed (BR-391). Another Bartók release (BR-927) has the soprano Lázló Magda singing Bartók's *Five Songs Op. 15* and six songs from Hungarian folk music by Zoltán Kodály. She does them beautifully; her voice is extremely handsome, warm and vital; and Leonid Hambro's piano accompaniments are models of vividness and stylistic accuracy.

Another interesting vocal collection is RCA Victor's LM-6056, *The Best of Caruso,* a two-record album containing re-pressings of thirty of the tenor's early, acoustical recordings, made between 1906 and 1920. In only one case has a modern orchestra been dubbed in, a feat occasionally attempted in the early thirties. The sounds are, therefore, authentic, and they provide a fascinating history not only of Caruso's voice and his style of singing, but of the recording techniques of earlier days. The one non-operatic song, George M. Cohan's *Over There,* brings with it a flavor of 1918 so poignant that it catches in the throat.

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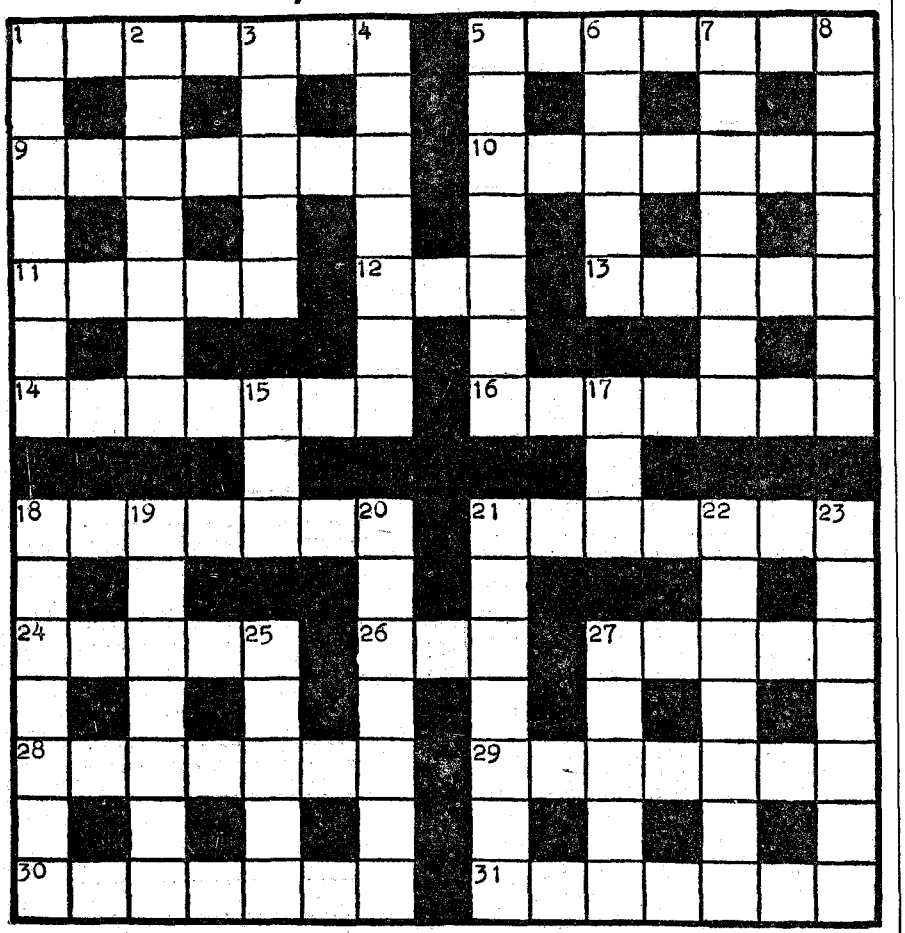
Crossword Puzzle No. 788

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

9 "Shut up"—as Ezra might say. (7)
10 There's no let-up in getting 18 down started. (7)
11 Taking up with this craft might appear saucy. (5)
12 This table might be taken to more than one 13. (3)
13 A number as youth might understand the same. (5)
14 Braces this in England, perhaps.
16 When the headwind lessens, it does, as one can see. (7)
18 and 26 A number of the 12 might be this—or at least its edges might be. (7, 3)
21 and 5 across A junior college student to help support a lifetime of delivery at no expense to you (7, 7)
26 and 15 down But you probably do far less than revolt, if you do.
27 See 17 down
28 To shorten a sailor's back? (7)
29 At home, you'll get yours last! (7)
30 Burst open, as a pod does. (7)
31 Mates—and poses us a problem. (7)

DOWN:

1 and 1 across By comparison, are the light-fingered stupid? (5, 2, 7)
2 Impulse, or stump that is confused with it. (7)
3 Does it signify victory over the pain implied by guarantee? (5)
4 The horse might be, but he's not responsible. (7)
5 Was the unicorn one? (7)
6 and 26 But you can perhaps still see the picture of the military order. (5, 3)
7 Acted like Nemesis? (7)
8 Sent it less to name it, than to show it. (7)
17, 24 and 27 across Crime case once a favorite with children. (3, 5, 5)
18 Is he wealthy and somewhat less than difficult, or somewhat less than 10 and unfeeling? (7)
19 Just the opposite of "inter". (7)
20 See, as 17 does. (7)
21 What they used to do with snuff the wrong way? (No wonder the bills are big!) (7)
22 They extend shelter to you. (7)
23 One does, if he takes steps to 14 his actions. (7)
25 Phrygian writing about a Turkish mountain. (5)
27 There are bound to be many feet in this division. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 787

ACROSS: 1 Acute; 4 Spigot; 11 Thereto; 12 Extrude; 13 Portended; 14 and 20 Roman Candle; 15 Commencements; 17 Little Skipper; 22 Appel; 24 Mandolins; 25 Decibel; 26 Naivete; 27 Ensile; 28 Smith. DOWN: 2 Cheerio; 5 and 3 Peter the Hermit; 6 Gourmet; 7 The end; 8 Etape; 9 condensed milk; 10 Dead reckoning; 16 Euphonium; 18 Impacts; 19 Evident; 21 Usher; 23 Libel.

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